c 1795 Not BM

The Afflicted Parents;

A Poem

OR, THE

UNDUTIFUL DAUGHTER,

SHEWING HOW

She was confined in a room by her Father for her disobedience, and how the Devil appeared to her and tempted her to poison her Father and Mother, and how an Angel came to them in the night and told them of it, and how she fell into a swoon, and saw the place of torment and the Devil that tempted her.

PLYMOUTH-DOCK:

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The Afflicted Parents, &c.

LET every wicked, graceless child attend,
Unto these lines that here are penn'd;
God grant it may to them a warning be,
To Love their Parents, and shun bad company.
No further off then London lived of late,
A Gentleman of vast and large estate;
And he had but one only daughter dear,
Whom he did love most tenderly we hear.
He kept her clothed in most rich array;
And as the child grew up, some people say,
Her heart with pride was lifted up so high,
She fix'd her whole delight in vanity.
Each sinful course to her did pleasure seem,
And of the Holy Scriptures she did make game,
At length her parents did begin to see,
That their tender kindness would her ruin be.
Her mother than began to her to speak,
My child the course you run my heart will break,
The tender love that I to you have shown,
I fear will make your parents hearts to groan.

Come child this wicked courſe of life refrain,
And ſerve the Lord while in your youthful prime;
For if ſuch wicked courſe of life you run,
Your ſoul and body will be quite undone.
Laughing and ſcoffing at her mother, ſhe did say,
Dont trouble yourſelf about me I pray;
I nothing for another world do care,
Therefore I'll take my pleaſure while I'm here.
Her mother ſaid dear child how do you know?
How ſoon your pride unto the duſt muſt go?
For young as well as old to death bow down,
And you muſt die, God only knows how ſoon.
She from her Mother in a paſſion went,
Whoſe aged heart with grief was almoſt ſpent;
She wrung her hands, and to her huſband ſaid,
Our child's ſoul and body's loſt I'm afraid
Her Father ſaid, her pride I'll ſoon pull down;
Money of me to ſpend ſhe ſhall have none;
I'll make her humble before that I have done,
Or elſe for ever I will her diſown.
All night ſhe from her Fathers houſe did ſtray;
Next morning ſhe came home by break of day;
Her Father aſked her where ſhe had been,
She pertly aſked, what was that to him?
He ſaid your haughty pride I will pull down;
Money of me to ſpend you ſhall have none:
She ſaid if you deny me what I crave,
I'll ſell my ſoul but money I will have.
Then he ſtrip'd her of her rich array,
And then he dreſs'd her a ruſſet gray,

And to her chamber he did her confine,
And with bread and water fed her for a time.
One night as ſhe muſing in her room did ſit,
The Devil to her appear did ſtraight,
In human ſhape and manner like a man;
And then he ſeem'd to take her by the hand.
He ſaid, fair creature, why do you lament?
What is it fills your heart with diſcontent?
She ſaid my parents cruel are to me,
And keep me here to ſtarve in miſery.
He ſaid then if you will be rul'd by me,
Revenged of them thou ſhall quickly be;
Seem to be humble, tell them you repent,
And ſoon you'll find their hearts relent.
And when your parents they do use you kind,
An opportunity you preſently will find;
Poiſon your Father and your Mother too,
There's none will know who the act did do.
The wicked wretch void of all fear and ſhame,
Did ſeem to be much pleaſed with the ſame,
Saying where do you live? tell me that I may come
And tell you when the job is done.
He ſaid my name is ſatan, and I dwell
Down in the regions of a burning hell.
At first ſhe ſeem'd to be in great ſurpriſe;
But want of grace had dazzel'd quite her eyes.
She ſaid, although you ſhould the devil be,
I'll take the counſel that you give to me.
Next morning when her Father ſhe did ſee,
She inſtantly fell down upon her knee;
And ſaid dear Father now I do relent,

And of my former ſins I will repent.
Her Father ſaid how bleſt am I for this;
Heaven has tolp my child ſhe's done amis.
Her Father unto her Mother goes,
And told to her the happy news;
Her Mother was comforted for her part,
Not thinking what was in her daughter's heart.
But ſee what wonders God does every hour,
His mercy is above the Devil's power.
One night as they was laying in their bed,
Nothing but troubl'd dreams run in their heads;
At laſt an Angel to them did appear,
And ſaid awake and unto me give ear.
A meſſenger I am, ſent from Heaven moſt kind,
To let you know your death is now deſign'd;
Your tender daughter that you both love ſo dear,
She for your precious lives has laid a ſnare.
To poiſon you the Devil tempts her ſo,
That ſhe's no power from the ſame to go
But do not uſe her cruel nor ſevere,
For like the prodigal ſhe'll repent ſincere.
Next morning ſhe aroſe as we do hear,
And breakfaſt for her parents did prepare,
And in the tea-pot put the poiſon ſtrong,
And brought it to them when that ſhe had done.
Her Father took the victuals which was fit,
And for the dogs to eat, he did it ſet;
Which eat it up, and inſtantly did die;
The caſe was plain, ſhe could not it deny.
Her mother called her the ſight to behold,
And when ſhe ſaw it her blood turn'd cold;

She ſaid the Devil has me deceiv'd,
I've loſt my aim, by which I'm ſorely griev'd.
Her mother ſaid, hard is the fate of me,
That have a tender Mother been to thee;
As ſoon as ſhe heard her Mother ſpeak,
She droped down in a ſwoon at her feet.
And all the arts they could contrive,
Was not enough her ſpirits to revive.
Four days the kept her, and then did prepare,
To lay her body in the grave we hear.
And at the grave a ſermon there was preach'd,
All other wicked children for to teach;
The ſermon being over and quite done,
To lay her body in the ground they come.
But how ſurpriz'd they where to hear a ſound,
Come from the body in the ground;
And all in haſte they took her up again,
And in a freight they opened ſame.
When to thier ſurpriſe they found her alive;
She in her coffin then was carried home;
She in her coffin ſit and did admire
Her winding-ſheet and, then did deſire
The worthy miniſter for to ſit down,
That ſhe might tell him the news;
Since her poor ſoul had took its flight.
She'd ſeen the regions of eternal light:
She ſaid when firſt her ſoul did hence depart,
(For to relate the ſtory grieves my heart)
I was in a howling wilderneſs very dark;
The briers tore my fleſh, the gore did run
I call'd for mercy but I could find none.

At laſt a glimmering light I did eſpy;
I heard a voice that unto me did ſay,
Haſten to that light that thou doſt ſee;
I haſted a long then unto it I came.
I knock'd aloud but no anſwer was made;
I knock'd again, then one to me did come,
He aſked what I want, I told him to come in;
He aſked my name and ſhut the door again.
I ſtopt awhile then unto me he did come,
He told me to begone for there was no room,
Because I had been a ſinner wild
In all things, and a diſobedient child.
Pride and deceit, a ſabbath breaker too,
Therefore begone there is no room for you;
I ſaid lord help me and remember pray,
How holy David went aſtray.
He ſaid, like David you did not return,
Since he in aſhes for his ſins did mourn.
I ſaid how Mary Magdelan that here does reſt,
Was once with many devils ſore oppreſt.
Go ſilly woman, he did anſwer then,
Had you ſo much forgiveneſs for your ſins,
Or mercy at the Saviour's feet implor'd,
For all your ſins he would have you reſtor'd.
I ſaid Lord let my ſoul return from where it came,
Then will I honour thy moſt holy name.
A voice I heard ſaid to me return,
But firſt behold the dreadful place of doom.
I ſaw that curſed foe that tempted me
My tender loving parents for to ſlay;
He told me that he once was ſure of me;

I told him that my Saviour set me free.
Then in an odious manner he did roar,
And God to my senses did me reſtore.
When ſhe the ſtory then to them had told,
She ſaid put me to bed for I am cold,
But call to me my tender parents dear,
Whom I will love and honour while I'm here.
The Sacrement ſhe did require,
They gave it to her as ſhe did deſire;
And now ſhe is a chriſtian ſtrong and true,
No more ſuch wicked courſe of life to go thro'.

FINIS.